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Emilia



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Chapter 1 by Roggen Wulf

She cast her eyes upward; her gaze quick and nervous. The student commons were busy, echoing with the gentle hum of humanity. The sound soothed Sara, especially on bleak, grey days like this, when it was chilly outside—when the warmth of company invited the students indoors. Her eyes darted upward, stared for a moment, fell back. She sighed, feeling the keys beneath her fingers and pressing softly until a note rose from the piano.

Sara's hands moved, delicately stroking eighty-eight black and white keys with graceful, exploring fingertips. The big instrument rumbled and growled for her, then warbled and chirped nimbly. She gazed longingly, then closed her eyes and let her hands say the words that always caught in her throat.

“Is that him?”

She glance at Emilia, who quietly moved to sit next to her on the piano bench. Continuing to play, Sara replied under her breath, “Yes, that's Filip.”

Emilia watched the young man. “Why haven't you talked to him yet?”

Sara shrugged, her friend already knew the answer. Emilia pursed her lips and touched her fingers to the keys. Sara opened her eyes in surprise and watched the other girl. Emilia looked back at her, raising an eyebrow and playing alongside.

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I'd like to be everything you want,
Hey girl, let me talk to you."

"Stop," Sara hissed urgently. "He's looking."

Emilia gave Sara an earnest look and went on regardless of her friend's objections.

"Cause if you were my girlfriend,
I'd never let you go
Keep you on my arm, girl, so you aren't left alone.
Lilies and violets, any time you want
Cause if you were my girlfriend
I'd never feel alone."

Sara's cheeks reddened, her heart pounding. "Emilia, he's coming over. What do I do?"

Chapter 2 by Windlion



Emilia smiled and leaned over to whisper in Sara's ear. "You ask him to play a duet with you. I saw him playing earlier."

Then she slipped off the piano bench and turned as Filip walked up. "Could you take my place, please? I have to go, and Sara does enjoy playing duets."

Sara whipped around ready to verbally defenestrate her ex-friend, but was stopped short by the nervous and eager grin on his face. "I was just — " she started to say, even as Filip replied, "I am not — "

"But you are not, and you are," snapped Emilia. "Here, sit! Filip, Sara. Sara, Filip. Sheet music, here. Have fun!" She flitted away.

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"— you can enjoy the keyboard solo — "

"Please stay for a little bit and play something for me? Anything?"

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